

# The History of

Ranne fearfully among the trembling reeds.  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow bank,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*,  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou dost belie him,  
He never did encounter with *Glendower*,  
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devill alone,  
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not a sham'd? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*,  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kinde from me,  
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,  
We licence your departure with your sonne:  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. *Exit King.*

*Hot.* And if the devill come and roar for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

*Nor.* What? drunk with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your Uncle.

*Hot.* Speak of *Mortimer*?  
Zounds I will speak of him, and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not joyn with him:  
Yea on his part, Ile empty all those veins,  
And shed my dear blood, drop by drop, i'th dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod *Mortimer*,  
As high i'th ayre as this unthankfull King,  
As this ingrate and cancred *Bullingbrook*.

*Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will forsooth have all my prisoners,  
And when I urg'd the ranfome once againe  
Of my wives brother, then his cheek lookt pale,

And

# Henry the Fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*,  
*Wor.* I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd  
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

*Nor.* He was; I heard the Proclamation,  
And then it was, when the unhappy King,  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth  
Upon his *Irish* expedition;  
From whence, he intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth,  
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But soft, I pray you, did King *Richard* then  
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*  
Heir to the Crown?

*Nor.* He did, my self did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay then I cannot blame his cousin King,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
But shall it be, that you that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetfull man,  
And for his sake wear the detested blot  
Of murderous subornation? shall it be  
That you a world of curses undergo,  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O pardon, if that I descend so low,  
To shew the line and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle King.  
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,  
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your Nobility and power,  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)

To put down *Richard* that sweet lovely Roie,  
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bullingbrook*?  
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off  
By him, from whom these shames ye under-went?

No;